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The Ride Home



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Chapter 1 by Alexandria Kindermann

I didn't expect to die today. I didn't wake up and think to myself, "Ok, Ben, today is the day for your brains to go 60 miles per hour through your nose and splatter the poor Jewish grandmother sitting next to you." But here I was, dead on the cold, dirty subway floor, bleeding out into the next life. I didn't even get to drink my \$4.98 latte.

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